

A new character by Booth Tarkington.

Little Orvie Stone

IT'S BEEN only a few months since Booth Tarkington's new character, Orvie Stone, first appeared in *The Saturday Evening Post*. But already "Little Orvie" is far more real to millions of American families than the youngster who lives down the street.

It's been only a few months since Parker first advertised their new Vacumatic pen in the *Post*. But already college students, executives, housewives—men and women everywhere—are using and talking about this new pen.

For the *Post* audience is intelligent—quick to take to their hearts the new characters Post authors introduce.

The *Post* audience is responsive—quick to open their homes and offices to the products of Post advertisers.

And the readers of the *Post* share a common and intense interest in what's going on—in business, in politics, in the world of books and sports. An interest that extends not only to the characters and ideas presented by Post authors—but to both the new and time-tried products in Post advertising.



THE

A new pen by Parker

... both win instant success through the Post



THE PARKER PEN COMPANY

has authorized this statement:

"We have advertised continuously for forty-one years and placed the bulk of our magazine advertising investment in The Saturday Evening Post, because it was and is the most effective place to advertise.

"Since we placed the first Parker Pen advertisement in the Post we have sold more than 30,000,000 pens.

"Post advertising is so powerful that we give the Post principal credit for the important part advertising has played in our sales program."

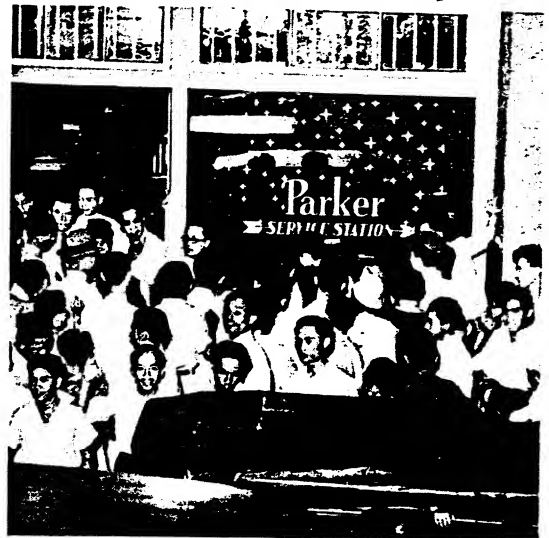
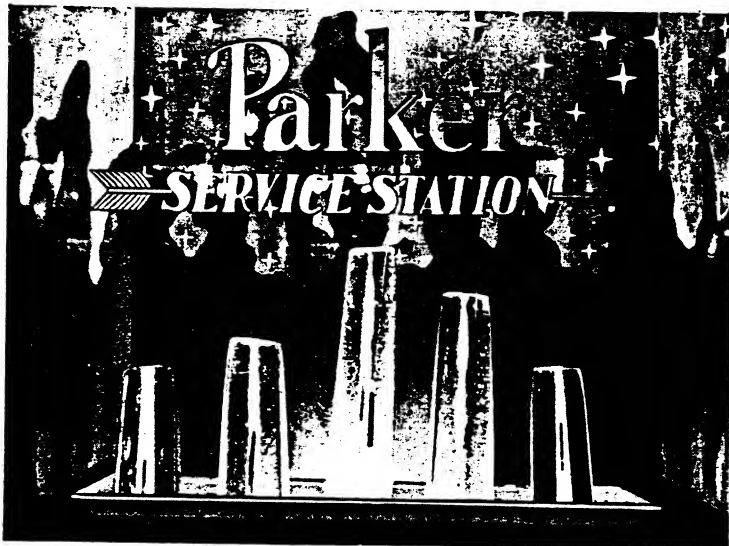
**THE POWER THAT BRINGS NATIONAL
REPUTATION TO AUTHORS AND LIFE TO
THEIR CHARACTERS IS THE SAME POWER
THAT GIVES NATIONAL REPUTATION TO
ADVERTISERS AND LIFE TO THEIR TRADE**



SATURDAY EVENING POST

"AN AMERICAN INSTITUTION"

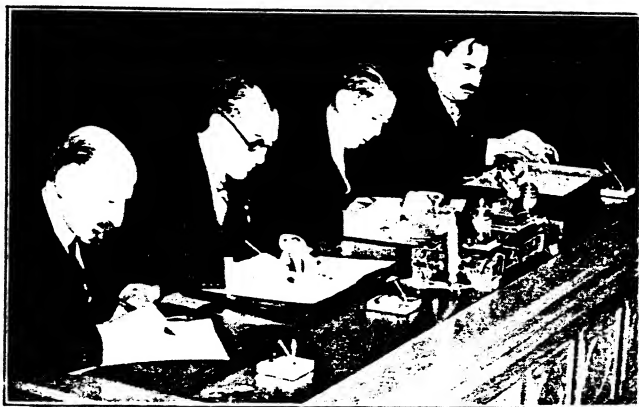
PARKER HERE AND ABROAD



The two photographs above show the Parker Service Station established in Batavia, Java, by our distributors for the Dutch East Indies, Lawsim Zecha & Company. Notice the smart way Mr. Zecha has adopted the arrow of the Vacumatic logotype in the lettering on his window.

Much attention was attracted by the Ice Contest put on by Mr. Zecha, in which prizes were offered for the nearest guesses as to the length of time required for blocks of ice, in which Parker Pens had been frozen, to melt.

During the day the guessing contest was in progress, 985 persons registered and crowds milled in front of the store all day long. Here is where Parker dealers can take a tip from a business brother in far away Java.



Above is a photograph showing the Foreign Ministers for Greece, Turkey, Roumania and Yugoslavia each using a Parker Pen, at the ceremony of the signing of the Pact of Non-aggression. It took place on February 9, 1934, at Athens amidst much local jubilation.

The Greek Government, which had bought the Parker desk sets, presented each delegate after the ceremony with the Parker Pen he had used.

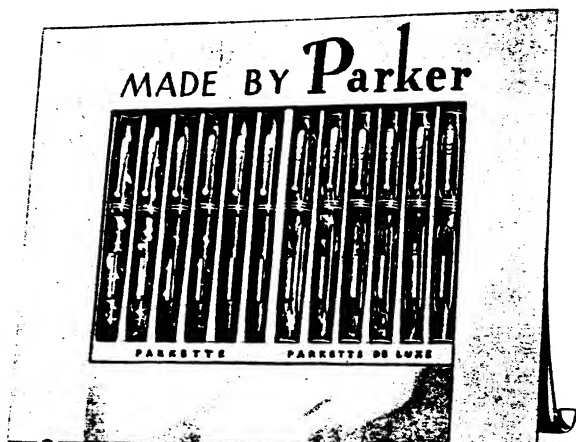


Above: The attractive display recently shown in the window of Shain's Drug Store, Birmingham, Michigan.

Note how effectively this has been built up around the "Ripley" display. Coupled with an attractive arrangement of Parker VACUMATIC pens it has real appeal to the passerby.

TWO NEW PARKER DISPLAY CASES

GLASS DISPLAY No. 937



GLASS DISPLAY NO. 937

Glass panel—gold background—chromium metal stand—removable tray. Size 12 x 10 x 4½". Weight net 2 lbs., gross 4 lbs.

PARKER CASE No. 938

Made of 26-gauge steel—lithographed in black—chromium plated front—glass window—three hinged shelves, each with snap lock—three removable trays—size 18½ x 12 x 6"—Net weight 7 lbs. Gross weight 10 lbs.

CASE DEAL 938—K

8 Parkette Pens	\$1.25	\$10.00
2 Parkette Sets	1.95	3.90
8 Parkette DeLuxe Pens	1.75	14.00
2 Parkette DeLuxe Sets	2.95	5.90
6 Challenger Pens	2.50	15.00
2 Challenger Sets	3.75	7.50

List	\$56.30
Less 40% discount	22.52

Net 33.78

Display Case No. 938	5.00
2 Challenger Pens @ \$2.50	FREE

To offset cost of Case,

Total Net \$38.78

DEAL 937—A

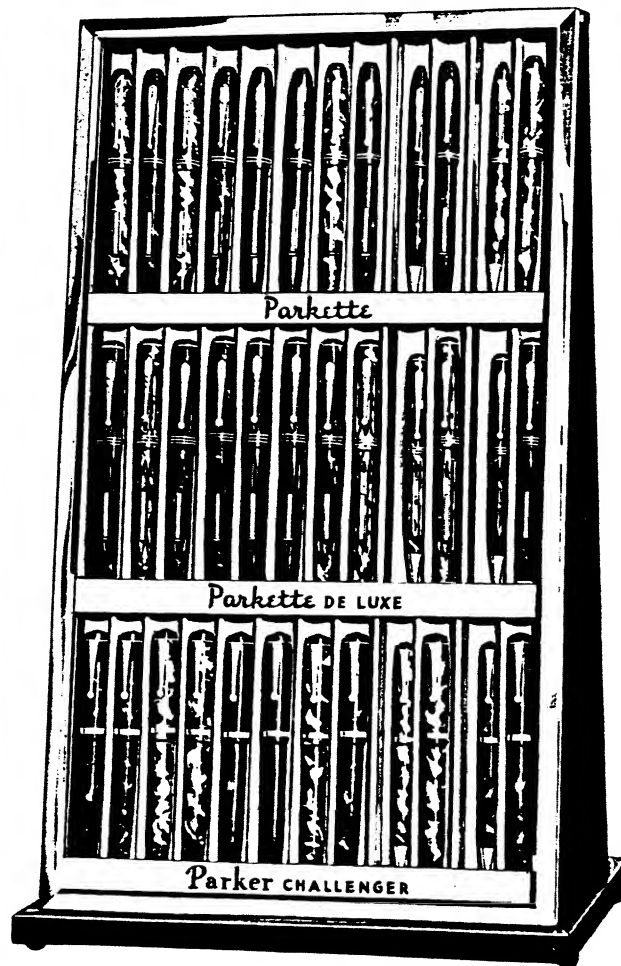
12 Parkette Pens \$1.25 list	\$15.00
12 Parkette DeLuxe Pens, \$1.75	21.00
Glass Display	List 36.00
No. 937 FREE	Less 40% 14.40
	Net 21.60

DEAL 937—B

24 Parkette Pens \$1.25 list	\$30.00
	Less 40% 12.00
Glass Display	
No. 937 FREE	Net 18.00

DEAL 937—C

12 Challenger Pens, \$2.50 list	\$30.00
	Less 40% 12.00
Glass Display	
No. 937 FREE	Total Net 18.00



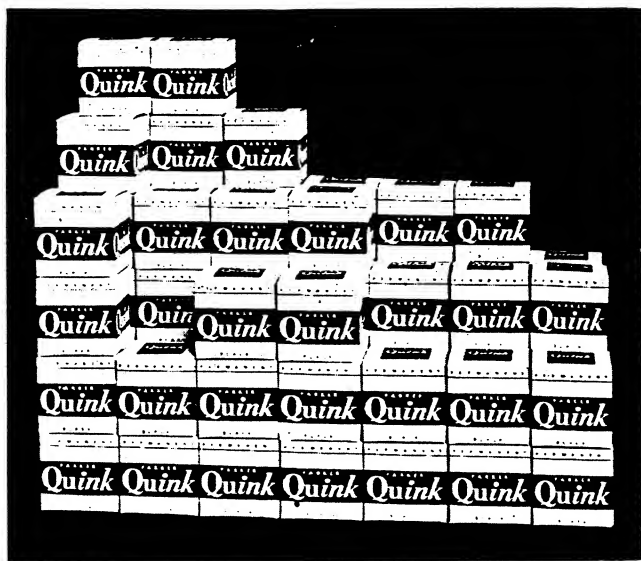
PARKER DISPLAY CASE No. 938

PARKER NOW ANNOUNCES A POLICY AND PLAN OF ADVERTISING INK ON A SCALE NEVER BEFORE ATTEMPTED BY ANY MANUFACTURER

Pens used to be nationally advertised, but never extensively and never all year round, until Parker started the ball rolling in 1922 with the introduction of the Duofold.

Likewise INK has been nationally advertised, but never on a scale with toothpaste, breakfast foods, soaps, cosmetics, etc.

Now Parker opens up this neglected field with CONTINUOUS ADVERTISING in 19 MAGAZINES, 64 SUNDAY NEWSPAPERS, and NUMEROUS COLLEGE PAPERS, altogether reaching MORE THAN 32,000,000 FAMILIES, month after month.



Most dealers realize the importance of prominently displaying nationally advertised products.

It has been demonstrated that sales actually will increase if goods are stacked irregularly, so that it appears that frequent sales have been made just recently.

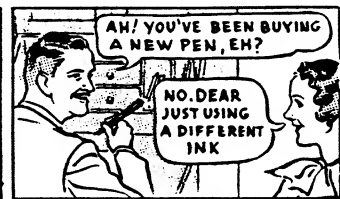
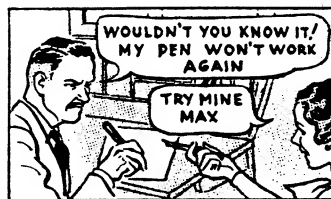
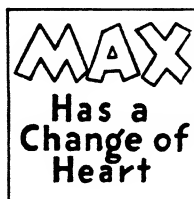
Above is shown one suggestion for arranging a stack of Quink cartons that will catch the eye.

60 IN 100 ACTUALLY BUY QUINK

Dozens, probably scores of people who read *Quink* ads and receive *Quink* samples will come to your store to buy this remarkable pen-cleaning ink.

Miss Ann Evans of The Merchandising Research Bureau, Chicago, found, on personal investigation, that 65 people in every 100 who send for a *Quink* sample in response to these ads, ACTUALLY BUY QUINK — become *Quink* users — become customers of *Quink* dealers.

Feature and display *Quink* — and you'll get a lion's share of this new business.



Specimen Quink Ads

And Publications in Which They Appear

— Magazines —

All-Story	New Yorker
American Magazine	Radioland
Argosy	Railroad Stories
Collier's	Redbook
Detective Fiction Weekly	Saturday Evening Post
Good Housekeeping	Screen Book
Hollywood Magazine	Screen Play Magazine
Liberty	Time
Literary Digest	True Confessions
National Geographic	

— Newspapers —

Albany Knickerbocker Press	Minneapolis Tribune
Albany Times Union	New Orl. Times Picayune
Atlanta American	New York American
Atlanta Journal	New York Herald Tribune
Baltimore American	New York Mirror
Baltimore Sun	New York News
Boston Advertiser	Oakland Tribune
Boston Globe	Oklahoma City Oklahoman
Boston Herald	Omaha Bee-News
Buffalo Courier Express	Philadelphia Inquirer
Buffalo Times	Philadelphia Record
Charlotte, N. C. Observer	Pittsburgh Press
Chicago Herald & Examiner	Pittsburgh Sun Telegraph
Chicago Daily News	Portland Oregonian
Cincinnati Enquirer	Rochester American
Cleveland Plain Dealer	Roch. Dem. & Chronicle
Dallas Times Herald	St. Louis Globe Democrat
Denver Post	St. Louis Post Dispatch
Des Moines Register	St. Paul Dis. & Pioneer Press
Detroit Free Press	San Antonio Light
Detroit News	San Francisco Chronicle
Detroit Times	San Francisco Examiner
Hartford Courant	Seattle Post Intelligencer
Indianapolis Star	Seattle Times
Jacksonville Times Union	Springfield Union Repub.
Kansas City Journal Post	Syracuse American
Los Angeles Examiner	Syracuse Post-Standard
Los Angeles Times	Toledo Times
Louisville Courier-Journal	Tulsa World
Memphis Journal Appeal	Washington, D. C. Herald
Milwaukee Journal	Washington, D. C. Star
Milwaukee Sentinel	

"GO-GETTER" GUS

Never Lost Another Order



20,000-Word Bottle FREE

The Parker Pen Co., Dept. 000, Janesville, Wis.

Send trial bottle of Quink—

Permanent _____ Color

Washable _____ Blue _____ Black

Name _____

Address _____

A \$500 Rug Saved for 15c



Trial Bottle FREE to Prove It —Mail Coupon—No Money

Quink—developed by The Parker Pen Co.—is a miracle of chemistry—a new discovery in writing ink. One kind—for office records, etc.—is as PERMANENT as the paper. Another kind—WASHABLE Quink for home and school—can be quickly removed from hands, clothes, rugs, etc., by laundry soap and water. Some so-called Washable Inks leave a stain. Quink does not. If washed out promptly it vanishes without trace.

Send the coupon below for 20,000-word bottle free. Spill it on fabric and see it wash out. After that, you'll not tolerate ordinary ink in your home.

Besides, Quink does what no other ink can do—cleans your pen—a Parker pen or any other—as it writes. For Quink contains a harmless, secret solvent that dissolves all sediment left by ordinary inks.

Get Parker WASHABLE Quink from any store selling ink, and don't expose your rugs to ruin. If you want to try before you buy, mail the following coupon today.

Parker Quink

Made by the Makers of the Celebrated Parker Pens

20,000-Word Bottle FREE

The Parker Pen Co., Dept. 000, Janesville, Wis.

Send demonstration bottle of Quink—

PERMANENT _____ Blue _____ Black

WASHABLE _____ Blue _____ Black

Name _____

Address _____



20,000-Word Bottle FREE

The Parker Pen Co., Dept. 000, Janesville, Wis.

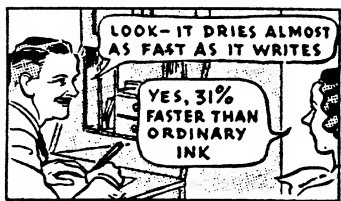
Send demonstration bottle of Quink—

Permanent _____ Color

Washable _____ Blue _____ Black

Name _____

Address _____



20,000-Word Bottle FREE

The Parker Pen Co., Dept. 000, Janesville, Wis.

Send demonstration bottle of Quink—

PERMANENT _____ Color

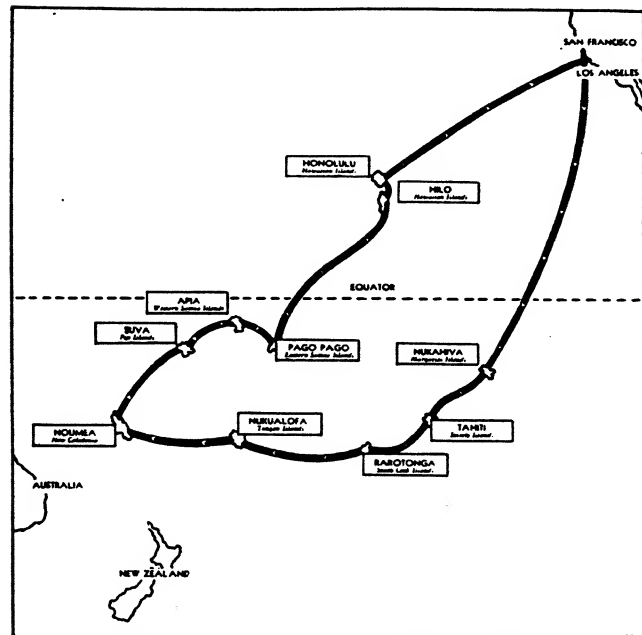
WASHABLE _____ Blue or _____ Black

Name _____

Address _____

An Exploration Cruise Among the South Sea Islands

By Geo. S. Parker



MAP OF PACIFIC OCEAN SHOWING ROUTE OF SOUTH SEA ISLAND CRUISE

Some twenty-five years ago while browsing around the old book shops of Havana, Cuba, I came upon a set of Captain Cook's books published in 1777. Captain Cook, it will be remembered, was a great explorer of the South Sea Islands as well as of the Sandwich Islands. A reading of this book inspired in me a desire to see sometime these islands which Captain Cook so picturesquely and vividly described. Only comparatively recently, this desire was augmented somewhat by the reading of those two wonderful books, the settings of which are in the South Seas, "Mutiny on the Bounty" and "Men Against the Sea."

During the past winter circumstances were such that it was possible to make the desire that has been within me for many years a realization; namely, to take a trip to the South Seas on what is known as an exploration cruise. One of the leading steamship companies on the Pacific Coast thought there were enough people who would be interested in taking a trip to these mystic islands where tourists were not expected, and perhaps not invited. In due course the boat sailed from San Francisco via Los Angeles for the South Seas.

Aloha!

Though I have done much traveling in the last twelve or fifteen years, still, it always produces in me a peculiar feeling when I start out on a trip. One sees the big white boat lying alongside, the bustle and hustle that is going on, passengers getting on the boat, friends getting on to take a look at the rooms and say goodbye to the friends who are about to depart, the white-coated stewards hustling the baggage up on board, and a host of other minor officials doing this and that—all creating a scene which is somewhat impressive. When the gong rings and the crier says "All Visitors Ashore" there is a general departure of the visitors down the gangplank, and they stand on the wharf to say the last goodbye. Then comes the throwing of the long strips of colored paper, so that the boat seems to attach itself to the wharf with these hundreds of little streamers. Finally the boat edges away and the last goodbyes are said amidst a waving of

arms and handkerchiefs, and the big liner points out to sea and eventually starts to a destination thousands of miles away.

Fellow Passengers

After this happens, one looks up his room to see if the baggage has been properly placed, and then goes up on the deck to see who one's neighbors are. This is always an interesting period. Nearly everybody else is doing about the same thing—sizing up his fellow passengers. Coming down the deck were a couple whose faces looked familiar, and they proved to be Mr. and Mrs. Ford of San Francisco whom Mrs. Parker and I met on a previous trip in South America. A day or so later, I happened to discover several more familiar faces—Miss Severance, and her traveling companion, Miss Morton—who have plenty of this world's goods and spend most of their time traveling in the various corners of the earth. These interesting people we had met in Rio de Janeiro at one time; so, to begin with, the trip was not without acquaintances.

One of the first persons I noticed who looked interesting was a cartoonist by the name of Charlie Plumb, who draws the cartoons of Ella Cinders. One of the interesting features about the Plum family (there were four or five in the family) was little three-year-old Barbara who was one of the most charming little girls I have ever seen, and who proved to be a great favorite on board.

There was a movie man from the Fox Studios who writes some of the scenarios and titles. He was out to get away from the hubbub of Hollywood to rest up and to have a good time. His particular form of having a good time lasted about a week, and after that he was both sober and interesting.

Also among the passengers was a Mr. and Mrs. Cooper of Chicago. Mr. Cooper was the Regional Manager for the Chevrolet Motor Company and had been in Janesville many times, although I had never previously met him.

Then there was my good attorney friend "Mac" Mouat and his estimable wife. Mr. Mouat is one of the



GEO. S. PARKER
On Board Ship

best known lawyers of the north-west, and a good friend of the writer—a fact which helped to add much to the interest of the trip.

There was another very interesting young chap from Chicago, a broker, Mr. David Annan; also a very vivacious young woman, a Mrs. Wheeler, from Lake Forest. In fact, I do not think I ever saw a boat load that contained as many interesting people as were to be found on this particular trip.

My chair on the deck was next to that of Mr. and Mrs. Curtis of London, England, who traveled clear across the At-

lantic Ocean and the American continent to take the trip down to the South Sea Islands. Mr. Curtis was a London banker and an exceedingly fine type of Englishman. He had read up on the trip so that he knew some of the things to expect, and he was what you might call a jolly, dignified type of Englishman who has traveled a great deal.

Then there was a Mr. Port of Salt Lake City. His distinction was having the largest "tummy" of any man aboard. But to offset that disadvantage, he was exceedingly jolly and always had something pleasant to say.

The ship's skipper, Captain Johanson, was as fine a physical specimen of a man, I think, as I have ever seen. As I happened to be one of the list of passengers who were invited to sit at the captain's table, I became quite well acquainted with him and frequently visited him up in his rooms. On such occasions, after we got toward the Equator, the skipper, when working in his cabin, wore only a pair of sandals and a pair of white duck trousers. The upper part of his body was bare and he disclosed upon his bared breast a beautiful tattooed picture which he had acquired when he was in the United States Navy. A finer skipper, I do not think, I ever traveled with.

But, returning to the trip: the Captain set the ship directly south for the Equator, and from the Equator, he was to go to the Marquesas Islands. In all probability few people know where the Marquesas Islands are. As a matter of fact, they are 2,865 miles southwest from Los Angeles.

The trip south was not particularly interesting except that we left the rather cold climate of the North and as we slid over the Equator, the weather was fairly warm, but not too warm. The Captain had a fine big sand pile put on the forward deck so that the passengers could go in their shorts, lie on the sand and think they were on the seashore.

There was an immense tank for swimming so that one could swim, or get out and lie in the sun and sand, which a great many of the passengers did.

The boat management had aboard a very interesting young man by the name of Ramsay. He had been a trader down in one of the South Sea Islands for eleven or twelve years, spoke the language of the Tongans and Polynesians generally, was modest, unassuming, but, as they say, "knew his stuff", and was a most interesting man to talk with. In the eight days it took to go from Los Angeles to the Marquesas Islands, we saw way off to the east a group of islands which the Captain told us were the Republic Islands. He said they were practically uninhabited. Through the glasses we could see some vegetation and palms, but we did not go near enough to get much of a glimpse.

Marquesas Islands

Finally, on the morning of the eighth day, we came in sight of the Marquesas Islands and ultimately anchored out probably a half a mile from shore. The Marquesas presented a very rugged and jagged look on the horizon. There were mountain peaks, and from a distance it looked as though there had been a very considerable geological upheaval of that part of the earth, possibly pushing these islands out of the sea.

Unfortunately, the Marquesas Islands have no wharf or dock so that the approach from the ship had to be made by launches which were swung over the side of the boat and carried the passengers from the boat over to the shore. Each launch had a trailer boat hitched behind it loaded with people, and they ultimately discharged the passengers on a sort of home made wharf in a quiet bay. Nearly everybody, apparently, who lived on the island had heard that a liner was going to stop there—something that had not happened for years. The particular port at which we landed was called Nukuhiva—not much of a town. The most prominent thing in it was a Catholic Church, which looked very old and probably was.

The natives are, of course, Polynesian and half-castes. During our stay there, I saw but three white people—one a little French doctor, probably twenty-five or twenty-six years old and his charming, petite wife, a girl of about twenty. They had been there about three months. Inasmuch as the Marquesas is a French posses-



HARBOR OF NUKUHIVA, MARQUESAS ISLANDS

sion, they had been sent out by the Government to stay there for a period of three years. I am afraid the little wife will get pretty homesick before the end of the three years. They evidently had just recently been married, so life probably was not hanging on their hands, as it would after she missed the society of her Parisian friends for a period of years.

Then there was an old French priest, a fine, stately old chap, who had charge of the church and of the little mission. He was most interesting. My conversation with him, however, had to be by proxy as he spoke no English and I spoke no French.

On the island was a small hospital which was one of the things the young doctor had charge of. There were three or four patients—natives—in the hospital.

The natives all seemed to be interested in seeing the visitors. I think the visitors were just as much of a curiosity to them as the natives were to the visitors. Quite a number of the natives had small horses or rather ponies, and they would come galloping along to where there was a group of visitors. Some of them had come from the other side of the island through the mountain passes to see the big ship and the people from North America.

Being very fond of mangoes, I shall never forget the Marquesas Islands, because they grow very delicious mangoes there. Of course, cocoanuts are a staple crop in all of the South Sea Islands and this island was no exception to the rule. A considerable number of flowers were in evidence. There was something, I noticed, which seemed to be missing, and that was birds. So far as my observation went, there was an entire absence of them.

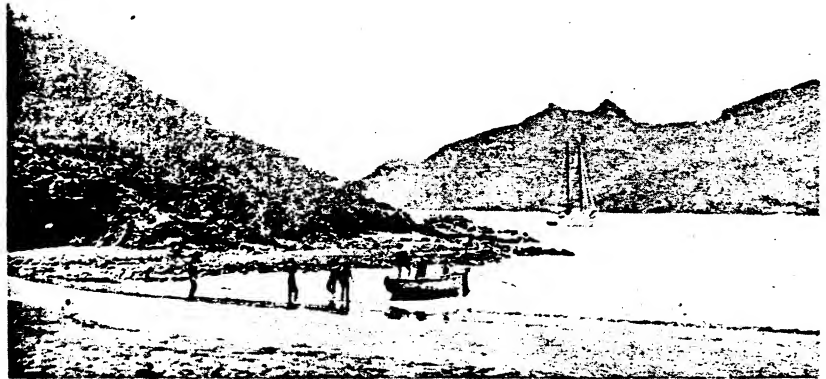
The picturesque beauty of these islands is something that lingers long in the memory. Especially is this true, when you remember that a hundred or a hundred and fifty years ago there was a population of between twelve thousand and fifteen thousand people on these islands. Now the population has been reduced to around twelve hundred, and the Marquesas have

lost the greatness of former years. One of the writers in speaking about the Marquesas Islands, says—

“Tai-o-hae was the former administrative center of the group lying along the shore of a precipitous bay amid luxuriant vegetation. It was once an important place and saw admirals, governors and bishops sitting in state on the broad verandas of government buildings.”

All of this however, has now vanished, and apparently France has practically forgotten the Marquesas Islands. Tuberculosis, venereal diseases and even measles, according to reports, have slayed the people right and left. Perhaps the remainder have become somewhat immune now to the white man's diseases. Anyway, aside from the natural beauty of the country, there is nothing in particular to attract one to this scene of former luxuriant glory. One day's stay was quite enough, and our next objective was what is known as the “paradise on earth”—Tahiti, which was 767 miles away.

(To be continued in next issue.)

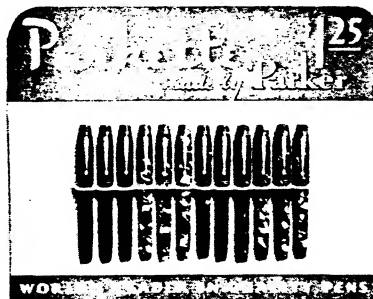


UNLOADING COPRA ON THE BEACH AT NUKUHIVA, MARQUESAS ISLAND

Three Sales Builders for the Parkette Line



Easel No. 928
FREE with 12 Parkette Pencils
@ 75c, assorted colors.



Easel No. 929
FREE with 12 Parkette Pens
@ \$1.25, assorted colors.



Easel No. 930
FREE with 12 Parkette DeLuxe
Pens @ \$1.75, assorted colors.